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near where they were employed, several must have perished; those who had abstained from spirits took a breakfast of strong, hot coffee, and with that meal only, completed a severe exertion of twenty-four hours, wet the whole time, and exposed to an intense degree of cold."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DARK SEMBLANCES.

[FROM THE IRISH OF EDMUND RYAN, COMMONLY CALLED EDMUND OF THE HILL.]

DARK are the brumal days that have no sunshine: when the cheeks of the mourning heavens are swoln with grief, and icy tears fall noisy and cold on the withered bosom of shivering December. Gloomy are the congregating shadows of the dismal, terrific nights, when no moon-beam, no freezing star, nor Northern light, sheds a faint lustre on the sable, cloud-woven veil of desponding nature. Black the woe-clothing weeds of the disconsolate, death-created, solitary widow. Brown are the leafless woods of SYLVANA; and sombre the frowning brows of heath-clad DUMMORA, as the misty, evening wing of November clothes its dusky forehead in the night-dress of wintry sorrow.

Dark indeed are the brumal days that have no sun shine. Gloomy the shadowy nights, that are unlighted with moon or star. Black the weeds of the new-made widow; brown the leafless woods of SYLVANA; and sombre the brows of DUMMORA, when shaded with the dusky, evening wing of November. But more *dark*, more *gloomy*, *black*, *sable*, and *sombre*, are the hopeless mind, and the heart that is lost to the comforts of peace, and the exhilarating smiles of domestic joy.

IL PENSEROSO.

Pine-Valley.

TO GREENFIELD;

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1812.

INSCRIBED TO ELIZA.

OH, Greenfield! dear Greenfield! Once more I survey,
Thy proud-rising front overlooking the vales;
But ELIZA, thy loveliest grace is away,
And the sad sense of grief over pleasure prevails.

She is far to the south: Ah! but why has she roved,
From a spot so delightful, so sweetly retir'd?

She is gone, the sweet fair, with the youth whom she loved,
And has left all those scenes which she fondly admired.

Still Greenfield, dear Greenfield! I love to behold
The place, where ELIZA first shone to my sight,
Like the DIAMOND of TRUTH set in PURITY'S gold:
Or the BRILLIANT of VIRTUE encircled in light.

Bless'd scenes of my love! still unchanged you appear,
But the charm of your beauties salutes not my view;
For the innocent pride of your vales is not here,
O'er those languishing landscapes new lustre to strew.

I gaze all around; yet how fruitless! to find,
That day-star of bliss, of the heaven-beaming eyes;
Ah! but soon recollection returns to my mind,
And the fond expectation dispirited dies!

Remembrance comes weeping, and shows ev'ry place,
Where we strayed on the spring-morn of light-hearted youth;
When I read in the smiles of her soul-speaking face,
The language of love, and the rhetoric of truth.

Yet why should I yield thus to mental distress,
Or encourage REGRET to usurp o'er the mind?

When she lives, the bright beam, my existence to bless,
On the far distant fields where I left her behind.

Then cheer up my soul ; Oh, enraptured rejoice :
For the day is approaching, with store of delight,
When my consort will charm with the sound of her voice,
The lord of her bosom restored to her sight.

Oh, what is this world ? Nature, what are thy charms ?
Or what are the transient allurements of pleasure,
While secluded from joy, from ELIZA'S dear arms,
All the wealth of my being, the life of my treasure ?

They are nothing, but swift-fleeting phantoms, that fly,
Like the shade of a cloud, by the passing breeze borne,
O'er the wide semi-circle of summer's blue sky :
Or the mists brushing light o'er the cheeks of the morn.

AUGUSTUS.

Belfast, January, 1813.

SENSIBILITY.

Longa mora est, quantum noxa sit ubique repertum,

Enumerate.—

OVID.

TO show the innum'rous evils which perplex
Th' ingenious mind in the mid-walks of life,
Too low for flatt'ry, and from envy free ;
To impaint the dark, and dismal shades, which fate
T' obscure life's picture in the piece has cast ;
To point the mirror to the feeling mind,
Wherein its lineaments are all portray'd :
Be this my present task, my willing theme.

The mind attemper'd by the chast'ning hand
Of sympathy benign, laments the ills
Man's heart and actions ev'ry day present ;
Himself, a sorrowful participant,

Unable to remove th' o'erwhelming load
Which presses on his soul ; much less remove

The bitter cup which ev'ry mortal drinks,
By sin commingled : when no radiant hopes
Brighten the joyless gloom, the mind is pain'd,

When we partake a nature thus bestrew'd
With ills malignant, and then almost wish
That we had ne'er been born into a world,
Where mis'ry holds such constant war with man.

Reflections such as these o'ercloud his brow

With sober sadness. Now he flies to books,
But these perplex the more. Now seeks a friend,

Into whose kindred breast he may impart
The secret woes which his whole mind distract.

But oft this friend, by mere good-nature led,

By novelty attached, will strive to bear
His seeming inconsistencies ; and smile
At the infatuate, melancholic gloom,
Which gives a sombre shade to ev'ry act,
And ev'ry sentiment he may admit :
Soon his society he will neglect,
Account him only splenetic ; whilst he
Seeks out some poor pretext, that he may shun

A friend, whose feelings are too sad, too solemn,

Too exquisitely acute for him to share.
This adds another to his varied woes,
And gives a pang which time can only cure ;

For none of all the dismal tribe of ills
So pungent as affection thus despis'd.

Now the sweet converse of the softer sex

He tries, to buoy up his dejected heart,
And vainly fancies he is fix'd at last ;
If haply he may catch some witching smile,

Some vain, desultory, illusive smile !
Long practis'd at the glass, its pow'rs first tried,

Too surely tried on his susceptible heart !
He finds, alas ! he finds, " 'twas only meant

As harmless ! " no conquest worthy claiming,

Unless 'tis dignified by riches, spirit,
Wit, beauty, levity, smiles, and attractions,